

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

W E D N E S D A Y, DECEMBER 2, 1795.

[No. 22.]

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

IS it not a mortifying consideration that the powers of reason should be less prevalent than those of motion; and that a page of Seneca cannot raise the spirits, when a glass or two of Madeira will. It might, methinks, something abate the insolence of human pride to consider, that it is but increasing or diminishing the velocity of certain fluids in the animal machine, which elate the soul with the gayest hopes, or sink her into the deepest despair.

The highest conceits which are suggested by enthusiasm, contribute not only to the pleasure and perfection of the fine arts, but to most other effects of our action and industry. To strike this spirit, therefore, out of the human constitution, to reduce things to their precise philosophical standard, would be to check some of the main wheels of society, and to fix half the world in an useless apathy.

If enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit; if fancy did not give them their brightest colouring, they would generally, perhaps wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire.

To know how to receive the full satisfaction of a present engagement, with a disposition prepared, at the same time, to yield it up without reluctance, is hardly, I doubt, reconcilable to humanity. Pain in being disunited from those we love is a tax we must be contented to pay, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the social affections. One would not wish indeed to be wholly insensible to disquietude of this kind, and we must lose the most refined relish of our being, if we would upon all occasions possess our souls in a stolid tranquility.

Generosity does not consist in a contempt of money, in throwing it away at random, without judgment or distinction, though that indeed is better than locking it up; but in a right disposition to proper objects in proportion to the merit, the circumstances, the rank and condition of those who stand in need of our service.

Pleasures too long continued, or rather too frequently repeated, may spend the spirits, and thereby life too fast, to have it very long: like blowing a fire too often, which makes it indeed burn better, but last the less.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health, the greatest ease is sleep, the greatest medicine is a true friend.

Poetry and music are the most innocent amusements of common time and life. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest, and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life, for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder, nor the voyager, in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both, when a little agitated with gentle gales; and so is the mind when shored by soft and easy passions and affections.

Romantic stories are like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprize and please a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye-pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

We are but curiously impertinent in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls should be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy. We cannot be knowing, but we may be virtuous.

As women, when they think themselves secure of admiration, commit a thousand negligencies, which shew themselves so much at disadvantage, and off their guard, as to lose the little real love they had before, so when men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their imperfections, and foolish works, to the disparagement of the little wits they were thought masters of.

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EXTRAORDINARY SKILL.

ZEUXIS entered into a contest of art with Parrhasius. The former painted grapes so truly that birds came and pecked at them. The latter delineated a curtain so exactly, that Zeuxis coming in, said, "Take away the curtain that we may see this piece." And finding his error, said, "Parrhasius, thou hast conquered. I only deceived birds, thou an artist."

HISTORY OF

DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from page 163.)

THIS amiable person knew not what to think of so odd a behaviour in her nurse; her words, and her precautions, brought strange things to her imagination; yet did she not, in the least suspect that Suza was so near: Leonora had no sooner re-entered, than falling on her knees, "Madam," said she to her, "I know what I am about to tell you will excite your indignation; but if it be a crime that I have committed, it is such a crime, as it was impossible to avoid, without having another heart.—Alvarez, Madam, the faithful servant of Don Sebastian, comes to inform you somewhat concerning the life of his master.—He has an important secret, which he will disclose to none but yourself.—He, therefore, begs the honour of entertaining you for one moment.—I own I was unable to deny my part of his petition.—I have introduced him privately into your Palace.—He is in my chamber, and waits till I bring him to you."

"Great God!" cried out Elvira, "Alvarez at Lisbon! —Alvarez shut up in my apartment! imprudent Leonora, to what have you exposed me!"

She was able to say no more, the very name of that confidant of Don Sebastian raised a tumult in her breast, which, for a time, deprived her of the power of speech. Leonora, who expected nothing less, took this opportunity to represent, that there was nothing to fear from this visit, that she had conducted him in such a manner that it was impossible for any person to have any knowledge of his coming; in fine; she talked with so much appearance of reason, that Elvira was at length persuaded to see him. "Let me rise then," said she, "for I fear I shall not be in a state of tranquility enough to remain in bed while this man talks to me—But, added she, you must let him know his stay must be very short, and that he must not pretend to deliver me any letter from his master, for I am absolutely bent to receive none." In speaking this, she threw a night-gown over her arms, and seated herself in an easy chair, in which she could scarcely sustain herself through weakness, while Leonora left her to bring in the pretended Alvarez.

Don Sebastian had been, for some time, in a situation little better; he was admitted, at the hour appointed, into the arbor of Jessamin, where he and Alvarez lay concealed, till Leonora returned, and conducted this unhappy lover into her chamber. Fain would he have expressed his gratitude to her for this favour, but had neither words nor voice, and in his looks and motions appeared to her rather a spectre than a living man. In effect, the thoughts that he could now behold Elvira but by stealth, and that his most innocent intentions would now, if known, be looked on as criminal, plunged him in agitations, such as there is no possibility of describing.

When he found himself alone in a chamber so near that of Elvira, and considered he was in the Palace of his rival, his rage awakened in such a manner, that Leonora had

much ado to bring him to any degree of calmness: he followed, however, where she conducted him, and without scarce knowing what he was doing, or whither he went, entered the apartment of the unhappy wife of Lama.

But when he beheld her with her handkerchief before her eyes, her head supported by a cushion, without any other motion than what her sighs occasioned, he was pierced to the very bottom of his soul, at a spectacle for which he was wholly unprepared—love now regained its empire over his resentments, and, instead of reproaches, he threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees, without power to express himself any otherwise than by sighs and groans.

Donna Elvira believing it was Alvarez, whose respect and grief obliged him to this action, having still the handkerchief before her eyes, "Alvarez," said she, "the state in which you see me is sufficient to clear me to your master, of all lightness or inconstancy—you may let him know how you have found me, if it will be any consolation to him; but say nothing to me of him, which may prejudice my glory, for that already is too much injured by permitting your approach."

"It is not Alvarez who receives this favour," replied Don Sebastian; "but the most unfortunate of mankind, who desires no other advantage by it, than to expire before your eyes."

"Where am I!" interrupted Elvira, taking away the handkerchief that hindered her till then from seeing him; "What do I behold! Perfidious Leonora! presumptuous Suza!" She then attempted to push him from her, and rose, endeavouring to quit the place, which finding herself too weak to accomplish; "Don Sebastian," said she; "since I have been capable of sacrificing all my repose for your safety, believe also that I am capable of sacrificing my life to my glory—you have, by this action, affronted me beyond forgiveness. I expected other marks of your esteem and gratitude." "Cruel Elvira," replied Suza, hindering her from removing, and whose fury was rekindled at her upbraidings, "what gratitude ought I to pay you, you who have hindered the blow prepared for me, only to give a deeper wound yourself? A death inflicted by my enemies was not enough to satisfy you—to content you, I must receive it from your own hand. Ungrateful Zuarez, why would you not suffer me to die in peace; Had I lost my head on a scaffold, I should have left the world in the sweet hope, that you were faithful to me; but you would have me live to see you in the arms of my rival—and when, in spite of my just indignation I risk that life for which, you say, you have sacrificed your repose, only for the happiness of bewailing my misfortune for a moment, and then dying at your feet. you see me with horror, you reproach me with affronting, with dishonouring you. Well, madam," continued he, lifting up his eyes, "I will prove my gratitude, since you expect some illustrious marks of it, I will render you back the life you have saved, and willingly sacrifice it to the happiness of him you have preferred before me."

In concluding these words, he drew a dagger, and had certainly plunged it in his breast, with his whole force, if the desolate Elvira had not thrown herself upon him, and, aided by Leonora, wrested from his hands the fatal steel; love and fear having now inspired her with a strength superior to what her condition seemed to promise.

Don Sebastian vexed and ashamed to find himself disarmed, "what mean you, madam by thus delaying my fate?" cried he, looking on her, with the most moving air. "Suza," replied Elvira, all bathed in tears, "the state in which I see you dissipates all my fears: I am more touched with your despair than your reproaches; the one calls to my remembrance the happiness I have lost, but the other I feel not, because I merit them not.—But, in fine, I will make yet one more effort for you—I will forget, for a moment, what I am, and what I ought to be, to discover to you all my heart: if you love me Suza, you will believe me; and in spite of the excess of your rage, I am assured you do me justice in your soul, and doubt not of my innocence. However, since I must assure you of it myself, I yield to do so; but, in recompence for my sincerity, which the situation I am in renders criminal, I expect two things of you; the first is, that you will make no attempt upon your life, but take on the contrary, the utmost care to preserve it: Homicide is an action, of all others the most unworthy either of a brave mind, or of a man submissive to the decrees of divine providence. The other is, to hear me without interruption, and not to take any advantage from what I say, to entertain me with discourses of a passion, which could I now consent to listen to, I should be unworthy of. On those conditions, I will conceal from you nothing of my soul; and regarding you in this last interview as the dearest thing to me in the world, lay open to you my most secret thoughts. Answer me, Don Sebastian, and promise to perform what I demand of you."

Elvira in speaking thus, had a certain air of candour and majesty, which rendered her so beautiful, and awful at the same time, that the amorous Suza thought he had never before seen her accompanied with so many graces; he remained some moments in silent admiration, and his fury utterly receding to his love, he threw himself a second time at her feet:—"I know," said he, "that I am unworthy of the honour you do me.—But, alas! what piety, what reason can you expect from the man who loves Elvira, and has for ever lost her?—I know, however, that my reproaches are unjust, and that I ought to submit in all things to the will of heaven and you—Yes, madam," added he, with a deep sigh, "I swear to perform exactly all you have enjoined me, and to leave to time, the termination of my love, my grief, and life, which last, I now consecrate afresh to you."

Then Elvira obliged him to sit down, and having recollected herself, "Don Sebastian," said she, "'tis hard to bring my virtue to the confession I am about to make you, but easy and pleasing to my inclinations.

"My heart has long been accustomed to love you, and my tongue to tell you so, and I am now conscious of a guilty pleasure in being compelled, by your despair, to repeat the sweet confession. But it is to save you a second time, that I take this last liberty: Know then, Suza, you are as dear to me as in those happy moments when first it was permitted me to give you proofs of it; and I call heaven to witness, that if my life could have been accepted as a ransom for yours, I would gladly have resigned it rather than my hand to any but yourself.

"I will tell you yet farther that it was I myself that pressed Balthazar to this marriage; each instant that it was delayed was a continuation of your imprisonment, and the more I advanced my own misfortune, the nearer you were to your deliverance.—In fine, I entirely forgot myself, to think only on you.—The effect has proved I did—I sacrifice my all for your preservation—All Lisbon knows this truth, and I think you cannot be ignorant of it.

"Can you then doubt the cruel situation of my heart? the condition I am in, may convince you of it.—But as you cannot know my last resolutions, without I inform you, know that the more dear you are to me, the more I now endeavour to banish you from my memory; my repose, my glory, my duty prescribes this law to me—I do not tell you, I have power to fulfil it, that is a secret I reserve to myself—only think that I must do it, and that I should render myself unworthy of your esteem, if I did not endeavour it with all my strength.—It is not permitted me to see you, or to hear you any more; and you cannot constrain me to think of you, without dishonouring me—If you love me, my glory will be precious to you—you will not seek to blemish it by unavailing temptations, but by a firm resolution to fly my presence, give me liberty to follow the dictates of my reason—All the efforts you henceforth make, to overcome your passion will be so many proofs, that you have loved me with the most perfect one, as all the cares I take to forget you will be testimonies of my virtue—live, my dear Sebastian, to give me this consolation in my misfortunes, that I have saved you from death—Preserve that life, I charge you, which has cost me too much for you to expose to the dangers you must meet in this place—Abandon it for ever, or return not till the unfortunate Elvira is no more. Then I will permit you to think of me, and to flatter your tenderness with all that can assure you of mine, as a consolation of my loss—Go" continued she, bursting into tears "leave me this instant, and dissipate the mortal fears I am in, while you remain in Lisbon,—make me no reply—I will tell myself all you would say to me—I know all that you think—and would have you read my heart, as I do yours—Exact from me no more, and, for the last mark of the power I have over you, obey me."

(To be continued.)

TO —, FROM AN ENGLISH MERCHANT, GIVING AN
ACCOUNT OF THE ADVENTURES OF HIS VOYAGE.

SIR,

(Concluded from page 167.)

IT was some months after he was gone, before I could finish my negociations in Spain; when I embarked for Holland. We had not been long at sea before the ship was taken by a Turkish pirate, and all the men carried to Constantinople to be sold as slaves. My lot fell to a master from whom I was like to receive most barbarous treatment; however, I was resolved that no hardship should reduce me to give Orramel an account of my distresses, till I was again in circumstances not to need his kindness.

But heaven had kinder intentions, nor left me long without redress. As I was talking in a public place to one of my fellow-slaves, Orramel came by; he passed beyond me, but instantly returned, looked on me with very great attention, till some melting sorrow dropped from his eyes; when making enquiry of some that were near, to whom I belonged, and being informed, without speaking a word to me, he flew to my new master, paid my ransom, and immediately conducted me to his house, where he welcomed me with the warmest marks of affection: he spoke—he paused—and was in the utmost perplexity to find language suitable to the sentiments of his soul.

“My brother! said he, my friend! or if there are more sacred ties in nature, let me call you by some gentler appellation: we are now united by the bonds of celestial amity, one in the same holy faith, and hopes of a glorious immortality: your charity rescued me from a worse than Spanish slavery, from the bondage of vice and superstition; your conduct banished my prejudices to the Christian name, and made way for the entrance of those heavenly truths, to which I now assent. But this is a secret, even to my own domestics; and whether such a caution is criminal, I am not yet able to determine.”

With what rapture did I listen to this language! I blessed the accents that told me my friend, my Orramel had embraced the Christian faith: an angel's song would have been less melodious; I looked upward, and with a grateful elevation of mind, gave the glory to the supreme Disposer of all human events. The instinct was from above, that moved me to ransom this young captive; thence was the spring of my compassion: it would be the most criminal arrogance, not to ascribe this action to the assisting Deity.

The illustrious Orramel made it his joy, his study, to evidence his affection: he told me his father died since we were in Spain, and that he had left five daughters, which he had by several of his wives. He offered me the choice of his sisters, if I had any thoughts of matrimony, and promised a dowry with her to my own content: one of them, he said, was privately bred a Christian, by her mother, a beautiful woman of Armenia. I was pleased with the proposal, and impatient to see my fair mistress. In the mean time he made me a present of several rich habits, and two negroes to attend me.

The next day, he conducted me to a fair summer-house, whither he sent for his sisters; they were all so handsome that I knew not where to chuse, had not a principle of piety determined me to the young Armenian; who was not superior in beauty to the rest, but there was a decorum in her behaviour which the others wanted. My choice was fixed, and the more I conversed with my fair mistress, the more reason I found to approve it. We were privately married by a chaplain belonging to the British envoy. My generous friend gave her a fortune, which abundantly repaid all my losses.

I have sent you this relation, as a memorial of my gratitude to Heaven; whose clemency has returned me more than measure for measure, and largely recompensed that liberality which it first inspired.

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THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

LETTER TO THE MARQUIS OF F---

THE king is informed of every thing; our plan is discovered: I have been betrayed, and am now in close confinement. Here I am sitting between impenetrable walls, and writing to you, alas! perhaps the last lines which you ever will receive from your hapless friend.

I apply to you, because I know your heart. You never have denied me a reasonable prayer, and you certainly will not refuse the last. Save what is most dear to me, save my honor. My journal is in your possession; it contains the most important part of the history of my life. You may add what is wanting, and publish the whole.

I am not afraid to lose my life, but the idea of losing my honor drives me to distraction and madness. A dreadful prospect of futurity opens to my view; I behold my name branded with ignominy in the annals of my country, obliterated all the great and good actions I have performed; I behold myself ranked among criminals by posterity—You—you only can prevent it—and I am sure you will save my honor by publishing my history in a simple and artless manner. The world will be made acquainted with the secret springs of my actions, the enormous, unrivalled imposition by which I have been deluded; posterity will do me justice, and many a feeling soul will drop a tear of pity when my misfortunes shall be known.

But alas! the fetters that shackle my hands prevent me from writing any longer. The blood you see on this paper flows from my lacerated arm. Nevertheless I am taking up the pen once more, in order to pray heaven to bless you, and to bid you an eternal adieu; for a dreadful presentiment tells me that I shall see you no more.

P. S. The goaler would not promise to deliver this letter for less than 200 dobras (640 livres sterling;) give it him from the money which you have in hand; the rest keep as a legacy from your

Unfortunate Friend,

MIGUEL.

I was 23 years old when my father a grandee of P——, sent me abroad under the tuition of Antonio, Count de ***, a man whose philosophical turn of mind and disinterested love for me had gained him my affection and esteem. We directed our course to ***. The nights being fine, we took advantage of that opportunity, and pursued our journey without stopping. We were not above two days journey from that town, when a terrible thunder storm overtook us in the night, which obliged us to stop at the next village. The inn being very indifferent, we apprehended it would afford us but poor accommodation, and resolved to beg the priest of the village to give us a night's lodging. Our attempt succeeded; we were received kindly and fared well. The priest informed us, during supper, that there was an old desolated castle in the village, which was reported to be the residence of evil spirits, who would suffer no human being to inhabit it. Having always had an ardent propensity for adventures of that nature, I begged him to give me a lanthorn, intending to pay a visit to those misanthropic beings; and in spite of our host's theological and my tutor's philosophical remonstrances, insisted upon spending the night at the castle, in the company of the latter, and to try whether the airy lords of the manor would not prove more hospitable to me. At length they yielded to my impatient desire of being acquainted with these dreadful beings, and my servant, along with the man of our host, was ordered to follow me to the castle with beds and candles.

I led the way, carrying a lanthorn. On our arrival at the ancient fabric, we perceived, close to the entrance, a staircase, which we ascended. A spacious hall presented itself to our view at the top of it; the walls were decorated with some worm-eaten half decayed pictures, and on both sides of the hall were doors which led to the apartments. Having examined them, we made choice of that which was to the left, because it was nearest to the staircase. Our beds were laid on the floor, and two candles placed on an old worm-eaten table. As soon as I had sent away my servant, whose whole frame quivered with fear of ghosts and hobgoblins, with the man of our kind host, I bolted the door carefully, putting a loaded pistol on each side of my couch; my tutor unsheathed his sword, and thus armed, we went to rest. Having discoursed a little while on different subjects, he fell asleep, overcome by the infirmities of his advanced age, and the fatigues of our journey.

It was however quite the reverse with me: I was lying on my couch, sleepless, and full of expectation of the things which were to come; I turned myself from one side to the other, but in vain! my imagination began to work and my blood to ferment. At length I got up and opened the window. The clock of the church steeple was just tolling eleven. Impenetrable darkness veiled every object around; the vivid lightning affording me only now and then a peep at the fields surrounding the castle; no sound was heard, but the distant rolling of the thunder, and the doleful dirge of the solitary owl. A strange sensation, which I cannot describe, thrilled my whole frame. I shut the window, and went to the bed of my tutor, who was fast asleep. As I was thus stand-

ing by his bed-side, I heard something rustle before the door. I started, ran towards it, but found it strongly bolted. The chilly vapours of the night, I had inhaled at the window, had left behind a very disagreeable sensation, accompanied by a kind of shivering, and I laid myself down again. A little while after the harbinger of rest touched my eyes with his leaden wand, and I was soon fast asleep. However I awoke just when the clock was striking twelve, and the last sound had scarcely reached my ears, when a dreadful noise arose which seemed to approach our room.

At length somebody knocked at our door. I got up without uttering a word, and took hold of my pistols. After a long pause, it knocked a second time. I asked my tutor in a whisper, whether he had heard it? but received no answer. Now it knocked a third time; the door burst open with a thundering noise, and frightful figure entered the room, directing its course towards me. Two fiery eyes, darting flashes of lightening at me, a voice like the roaring of a lion, joined with the clashing of chains, which the tall emaciated figure wore, would have been sufficient to dismay courage itself. However I was not entirely dispirited, and just going to fire a pistol at it, when my tutor suddenly started up, aiming a thrust against the spectre, which I thought would pin it to the wall; but it turned round, without having received the least hurt, collared my poor companion, and dashed him against the floor with so much force, that I thought he must have expired on the spot. Seeing this, all my remaining courage fled, and my pistols dropped to the ground. The spectre extinguished the candle and began to vent his whole fury against me, beating me unmercifully. His appearance in the dark made my blood run chill, and every hair stand on end, his whole body seeming to be encased in fire. At the same time a most tremendous noise arose over our room, doleful groans and lamentations assailed my ear, and I swooned away.

The spectre had retired, and the candles were burning again, when I recovered the use of my senses. Although I had been handled so roughly, that I scarcely could move, yet I endeavored to creep to the spot where my tutor was stretched out, to all appearance, a lifeless corpse. Good God! how I was shocked, when I saw him as pale as ashes and disfigured with blood. After many fruitless endeavours to recall him to life. I succeeded at last. He spoke little, and what he said was hardly audible. I intended to watch by his bed-side, till the dawn of day should enable us to leave that residence of horror; however I found it impossible; I grew so faint, that I was obliged to lie down after I had bolted the door.

I now began to muse on the apparition, and when reason began to recover her sway, I was ashamed of my cowardly behaviour, and determined to follow the spectre if it should appear once more, which it soon did. The groans and lamentations, and the thundering noise over our head were renewed; the door was burst open, and I treated as cruelly as on the first visit of the spectre. However I preserved my whole recollection, and when my terrible visitor retired, pursued him on tip-toe, armed

with sword and pistol, which I could do so much easier, as the gloomy light it emitted showed me the way. Fortunately my grisly conductor did not look back. He descended the staircase and entered a long vaulted passage, but had not advanced six steps when he suddenly disappeared, leaving me behind in the dark. I was struck with dumb astonishment, being not able to comprehend what could have become of him. Imagine my situation! what could I do in an unknown dangerous place, surrounded with impenetrable darkness and deserted by my conductor? However, I soon resolved to advance boldly, and without much hesitation endeavouring to reach the bottom of the passage; but how great was my terror, when the floor suddenly gave way beneath my feet, and I sunk down into a deep vault. My pistol went off with a tremendous noise, and I found that I was lying on a heap of hay and straw. Before I could get upon my legs, four masked men in black appeared with torches in their hands, calling to me in a thundering accent, how I dared to intrude where no visitors were admitted? At the same time they laid hold of me, and dragged me forcibly after them. Having passed many subterraneous passages and concealed staircases, my conductor stopped suddenly and pulled a bell. In an instant a massy folding door burst open, and I entered a hall, illuminated by a number of torches, where I beheld at a long table twelve masked persons, the deportment of whom bespoke the superiority of their rank.

He who was seated at the head of the table, addressed me with a commanding voice: "Unhappy wretch! what has tempted thee to visit this castle? Couldst thou not think that thy rashness will cost thee thy life? Make thy peace with God, for thou must die without mercy!" "How," I replied—"die? Well, then I vow, my death shall cost you dear!" So saying, I grasped my sword; however they told me to desist from such childish pranks, and disarmed and carried me to a dark chamber.

The horrid spectre of a violent death stared me in the face, and a chilly tremor shook my whole frame. But what affected me more than the impending loss of my life, was the idea of what could be the fate of my beloved tutor, the guardian angel of my juvenile days, my second father, and more than friend, whom I had hurried into the gulph of destruction, through my heedless temerity. I was going to curse my fatal curiosity, and to give vent to loud lamentations, when I accidentally saw a glimmering of light, peeping through a crack in the door of my prison; putting my ear close to it, I heard how they were consulting what was to be done with the prisoner.

(To be continued.)

FABLE from the GERMAN of GELLART.

The FOX and MAGPIE.

SAID Reynard to a Magpie, 'May I presume to ask the subject of your incessant discourse? Doubtless you discuss many curious and important inquiries.' 'True,' answered the Magpie, 'I minister truth and instruction to the public. From the eagle even to the bat, all partake of my wisdom.' 'May I request a specimen of your

knowledge?' said the Fox, with a submissive tone.—As a quack-doctor mounts the stage, extols the virtue of his drugs, draws out a voluminous handkerchief, and coughs and spits, and harangues, so the Magpie, skipping from bough to bough, whetting his beak, and assuming an air of profound sagacity and importance, addressed his disciple: 'My chief delight is in communicating and diffusing knowledge. Attend to the following theory, proved by incontestable facts, and of signal consequence to the welfare of foxes:—Have you not hitherto imagined, that it is by four feet alone that you perform the operations of running and walking?' 'Certainly,' said Reynard. 'Then be assured,' added the instructor, 'that you have laboured under a gross misapprehension. I will evince, by irrefragable arguments, that you run, walk, and skip upon five feet. When you run, your foot moves; and when you neither walk nor run, your foot is at rest. Again, when you walk, your tail touches the ground. These principles are simple and self-evident. Mark the consequence. When your foot moves, your tail moves; your foot moves from one place to another; and so does your tail. And, again, when you run full speed, your tail touches the ground; therefore your tail is your fifth foot: Q. E. D.' 'Excellent,' cried the Fox, the less we know the read we are to instruct and demonstrate.'

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Dr. Lewis, at Horse-Neck, Mr. JOHN M'KAY, jun. to the agreeable Miss ELIZA KNAPP.

On Monday last, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. ABRAHAM G. CLAYPOOL, merchant, of Trenton, to Miss ELIZABETH STEELE, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, SAMUEL SMITH, Esq. to Miss M'KNIGHT, daughter of Charles M'Knight, Esq. deceased.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. JOSEPH CONKLIN, merchant, of this city, to Miss ELIZA DAWSON, daughter of Capt. Henry Dawson, of Brooklyn, Long-Island.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. ABRAHAM FREELON, to Miss EVE WALDRON, daughter of Mr. John Waldron, both of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 23d to the 30th ult.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.	deg. 100		1	8.	6.
Nov. 23	39	43	50	41	NW. do.	cloudy	do.	do.
24	42	51		49	NW. W. SW.	clear	do.	do.
25	48	47		44	NW. do.	cloudy	clear	do. k. w.
26	36	42	25	41	W. NW. do.	clear	do.	do.
27	35	75	39	36	N. NE. do.	foggy	rain	hail
28	30		41	39	N. NW. do.	clear	do.	do.
29	37		48	50	N. E. SE.	clear	rain	do.
30	45		49	47	W. NW. W.	clear	do.	do.

ON THE DEATH OF THE
Rev. Mr. JACOB BRUSH.
(Who fell a victim to the Epidemic.)
BY A YOUNG LADY.

BRUSH is no more, the friend of Jesus dies,
Gone to receive a mansion in the skies;
With faith and zeal his labours here did fill,
Dy'd in sweet peace, ascended Zion's hill.
He strove while here religion to promote,
His time and strength did to his Lord devote.
His Lord approv'd and did his labours bless,
He gave him strength and ev'ry christian grace.
He crown'd his labours with a glorious end;
He dy'd exulting in the sinner's friend.

NEW-YORK, Nov. 16, 1795.

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THE MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

Hail wedded Love—

MILTON, Book IV. l. 750.

Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?

MILTON, Book IV. l. 748.

IT must be so—Milton thou reason'st well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after something unpossess'd;
Or whence this secret dread, this inward horror,
Of dying unespous'd—Why shrinks the soul
Back on itself, and startles at virginity?
'Tis instinct—faithful instinct stirs within us—
'Tis nature's self that points out an alliance,
And intimates a husband to the sex—
Marriage!—thou pleasing and yet anxious thought,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass—
The unchanging state in prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it:
Here will I hold.—If nature prompts the wish,
(And that she does is plain from all her works)
Our duty and our interest bids indulge it,
For the great end of nature's laws is bliss;
But yet—in wedlock woman must obey—
I'm weary of these doubts—the priest shall end 'em—
Nor rashly do I venture loss and gain,
Bondage and pleasure meet my thoughts at once—
I wed—my liberty is gone for ever—
But happiness from time itself secur'd;
Love first shall recompense my loss of freedom
And when my charms shall fade away, my eyes
Themselves grow dim—my stature bend with years,
Then virtuous friendship shall succeed to love,
Then pleas'd I'll scorn infirmities and death,
Renew'd immortal in a filial race.

EPIGRAM.

JACK, eating rotten cheese; did say,
"Like Sampson I my thousands slay;"
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
And with the self same weapon too."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

HOW pleasant 'tis to rove abroad
Through the unbounded works of God,
And view the vast extended frame;
Where one unceasing round of praise,
The whole harmoniously displays,
To the almighty Maker's name.

When to the high celestial shore,
On contemplation's wings I soar,
Where the bright hosts of angels are;
How do the heavenly arches sing
With loud Hosannas to their King,
Who happifi'd and plac'd them there.

Downward when I my flight pursue,
Thro' distant worlds the theme renew,
Till earth receives me back again;
Where the shrill birds retain the song,
And grov'ling beasts the tune prolong,
In a deep chorus o'er the plain.

Thus while, in one united sound,
The vast creation echoes round,
Shall man alone in silence dwell?
Man, who with God's own image blest,
In EDEN's blissful bowers was plac'd;
Till he transgress'd, and justly fell.

When, to the powers of hell a prey,
In ruin's gulf he helpless lay,
Expos'd to everlasting pain;
Till the great sovereign of the sky,
For this, his traitor, deign'd to die,
And thus for him redemption gain.

O matchless love!—Thou EVER BLEST!—
These thoughts revolving in my breast,
With thankfulness my heart o'erflows,
Ye nations shout!—From pole to pole
Let the eternal music roll
Nor let one earthly soul oppose.

Long as I live my God! my King!
Thy praise in ceaseless strains I'll sing,
To whom alone all praise is due;
And when my flesh returns to clay,
In the bright worlds of heav'nly day
The pleasing business I'll pursue.

ETHICUS.

** Erratum—In the "Epiphonemy" in our last, Stanza 4, line 3, for
"heaving," read "leaving."

A REFLECTION.

TRUST not in strength, it will decay,
Nor place a confidence in gold;
Vain pompous grandeur fades away,
And all its phantom'd honours mould.

But virtue, ever blooming crest,
A conscious zeal and love to God,
Shall find no storms that round invest,
Can prove a dire destructive rod.